

The Middletown Transcript.

"MENTAL CULTURE IS THE FOOD OF HUMANITY."

VOL. VII.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874.

NO. 38

Select Poetry.

TAKE THE PAPERS.

BY W. F. WILSON.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the life of our delight;
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe! you cannot lose a cent,
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
At interest four-fold paid.

Go, then, and take the papers,
And pay to-day, not pay delay,
And my word for it is inferred,
You'll live until your gray.

An old neighbor of mine,
While dying with a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news
While he was going off.

I took the paper, and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and he is dead?
—No—heary as a horse.

I knew two men as much alike
As'er you saw two stumps,
And no phenoloid could find
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the paper, and his life
Is happier than a King's,
His children can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down and broke his crown,
And he was going off.

Had he been reading of the news
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nay from the printer's snail,
Because you borrow from his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bill when due,
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

Select Story.

AT THE COUNTY FAIR.

Amanda Wheatings and Nell Eustis were neighbors in the town of Briery Centre, both daughters of well-to-do farmers. They had been at South Hadley together for a finishing touch after the district school had done its best for them, and Nell had learned, among other things, to play a few tunes on the piano by means of a natural aptitude for the fine arts; and when returning home she had found time to look after her father's house and dairy, and by teaching the district school summers—they never allowed that privilege to a woman during the winter term—she had laid up enough money to buy a second-hand piano in the city. When Nell showed Amanda the money, and confided her intentions to her, Amanda had a new sensation. Hitherto she had always been shrewd of Nell, so to speak. Her black alpines had been finer than Nell's, and had borne off the palm in the matter of trimmings, and her shawls had been more numerous and more gorgeous, her bonnets more showy, her ribbons more frequent; for a country girl, in short, she had invariably led the styles in Briery Centre, and she had done them credit with her sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks. But now if Nell was to have a piano, if she was to learn to play on it, Amanda's existence would be embittered beyond a peradventure. There was but one piano in all Briery Centre, and that was up at old Squire Briery's, and nobody to open it from year's end to year's end.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Amanda, "what makes you think of wasting your money on such foolishness as a piano, when you don't know how to use it, either, and it'll take up such a sight of room?"

"Oh, it'll just fit into the niche by the chimney," said Nell, "happy as a cricket on the hearth; and I mean to learn to use it—see if I don't!"

"I don't see who'll teach you; and it costs a power of money."

"I've thought maybe Deacon Small might give me some hints; he plays the bass-viol in the choir, you know. And then folks can learn by themselves. I've read about it—there's Mozart and—"

"Lor, make!" laughed Amanda. "I s'pose you're a Mozart, or some of those fellows who knew music by nature. You aren't vain nor any thing, are you Nell?"

"Maybe I am," answered Nell, pleasantly. "One can't get on without a trifle of vanity; it's a sort of wholesome stuff, after all that has been said about it, though it's a homeopathic medicine—a little goes a good ways. But anyway I could play 'Fiber's Hornpipe,' 'Chorus Jig,' and 'Old Hundred,' at South Hadley. And I thought it would sort of liven father up, after the day's chores were done, to hear a little music, if it wasn't so fine, before the candles are lit, between daylight and dark. It's sociable like, a little music is; and then it would be all handy for a dance any winter's evening."

"What's that about winter evenings?" asked Tom Briery, the squire's son, and the hero of the piece, lounging in at the open door, with that familiar

air of his which made him welcome every where. "A dance? I'll engage you for the first cotillon, Nellie, shall I?"

"Oh dear, no," giggled Amanda. "She's going to be the band herself." "Mandy's laughing at me," explained Nell, "because I'm going to buy a piano with my earnings."

"Let those laugh who win," cried Tom, lightly. "We'll play duets together, Nell."

"Well, I'm no company for such famous musicians," said Amanda. "I guess I'll be going home."

"I'm going your way," said Tom, rising.

"Oh, so soon?" pleaded Nellie.

"I didn't think of stopping—I heard the music of your voices as I came by."

"It don't compare with the music Nell will make on her piano."

"Well, good-by, Nell. Let me know when you're ready to begin that duet. By-the-way, what shall it be—'The rose that lies in the garden'?" and then he went off laughing with Amanda, and left Nell looking after them with hungry eyes, and a heart heavy with unspoken wishes. What happiness would there be in the possession of a piano, or a world, if Tom preferred Amanda?

And yet, who was she to dream of taking the fancy of a young fellow like Tom Briery—she with her pale face and serious eyes and plain ways? The women of his family had been used to rustle in stiff silks, and shine in shoes of lace, with sunshine and powder tangled in their curls, and rouge and smiles on their dimpled cheeks; at least that was the story their patriots told, hauging and growing duty in the great hall year after year. It was hardly likely, then, that the heir of such traditions would think of her; and yet it was her day dream, her aspiration, that some day she might be a presumptuous dream; but she was always so kind, and might not kindness crystallize into love any day?

Amanda with her vivid colors and proud confidence and dashing ways, might beguile the heart out of a seraph, she fancied; and, after all, Tom was only a young man, with a man's relish for warmth and vitality and beauty.

And what if it should come to pass, and she should have to live her life next door to Tom and his wife, and watch their shadows upon the curtains, and see their children go in and out? After all, perhaps she needed the piano, in order that she might confide the secrets that sometimes seemed too big for her heart to hold.

"Nell is so odd!" said Amanda, as she and Tom loitered home. "What do you suppose she wants of a piano—a girl who spends half her time in the dairy and kitchen?"

"A piano isn't a bad investment," answered Tom; "and Deacon Small says Nell's got a talent that oughtn't to be hid in a napkin!"

"Oh, that's it! he's been turning her head with his flatteries. I wonder why he doesn't marry her, and be done with it?"

"Marry Nell? Deacon Small!" cried Tom, with a start and a laugh. "Did he ever dare propose such a thing?"

"They say she has had it under consideration. Folks think she couldn't do better."

"Couldn't she?" said Tom, uneasily.

"He's got means, you know," said Amanda, seriously, and Nell's got ambition."

"And he's old enough to be her grandfather."

"Some folks, you know, would sooner be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

"You wouldn't?"

"I'll wait till the young man asks me," answered Amanda, suggestively as well as wisely, and tossing her head as she bade him good-by.

"It can't be that Nell would marry the Deacon for this means," mused Tom; "Amanda's such a little apple blossom that it's hard for a fellow to make up his mind. Jehu! what a conceited girl is she! Perhaps Nell wouldn't marry me any way. There's a look in her eyes, though, that makes me feel sometimes as if there wasn't any body else in the wide world—and then Amanda'll throw one of her saucy glances this way and raise the deuce in me!"

"I'm going to make some of those raised doughnuts that father likes," said Amanda that evening; "I'm going to surprise him with 'em."

"Wa'l, there's nothin' ter hinder," returned her mother, "only the suppers is out."

"That's always the way, if I take a notion to do any thing—"

"Wa'l, you don't take a notion often enough to hurt; but if you're set on it, you might toss up a roly-poly; he likes that a sight better, only it's apt to swell his stomach."

"Dese me! but it stains your hands so, peeling apples!" said Amanda, who was too ornamental to be very useful. In fact, the neighbors had asserted long ago that the Wheatings were spoiling

Amanda; that she wasn't brought up as a farmer's daughter should be; she couldn't make up a baking nor take of a churning more than a baby. These things had come to Farmer Wheatings' ears, and had made them burn. So when he had come home to dinner, and found the roly-poly smoking hot on the table, he smacked his lips and said,

"Jest see what a wife your mother is, Mandy! You'll never hev the sense to make such a tit-bit for your husband like this 'ere. You'll hev to perk up and git accomplished in yer cooking, Mandy, if you want ter get married; for they do say as how a man's heart's reached through his stomach, and I dunno but they're about right."

"I guess I sha'n't have much trouble in getting married when I want to," pouted Amanda, with a toss of her head. "And that's all the thanks I get for staining my hands peeling apples, and blistering my face over the oven!"

"Holloa, Mandy, you don't mean ter say that you made it! I'd as soon expect the moon ter turn ter green cheese!"

"You're mighty encouraging. When Nell cooks up things just to please her father, he always praises 'em up to the skies; and it isn't so hard for Nell because she was brought up to it," said Amanda.

"Wa'l, ain't I a praisin' it, Mandy? Ain't been helped to it twice? What better praise can you hev than that?"

"Nell's going to have a piano too," pouted Amanda, who was hankering after something more substantial than praise.

"A pianny! What's she goin' ter do with it? Keep it for the chickens ter roost on? Old Eustis is a-shillin' out, 'pears to me. I s'pose you'll be wantin' one next!"

"I'd give all I'm worth to get one first," confessed Amanda. "She'll be so highfalutin you can't touch her, and it's dreadful uncomfortable to live beside neighbors who put on airs!"

"And I s'pose a pianny would make you kinder humble like, Mandy. Wa'l, if yer was ter take a pianny at the county fair for the best butter, I'd buy you a pianny. There's a bargain for you!"

"Lor sakes! I never made a pound in all my born days. But mother could help me."

"No, no; mother shan't put a finger to it—honorable bright. I'm goin' fur show the folks how as you're equal to any of the farmers' daughters. I ain't goin' ter have it thrown in my face no longer that I've fetched you up above your station."

"Well, I don't care if I try it. If I don't take the pianny, there won't be any harm done; and if I do, you'll buy me a brand-new seven octave piano—honorable bright?"

"Yes, I will; seven octave or seventy—whatever an octave may be."

And so Amanda went to work with a will; she was diligent at the weekly churning. Nell always sent butter to the county fair, and had taken a premium only last year. If she could only eclipse Nell! And there was Tom Briery, too! how proud he would be to take her in to the county dinner—the best butter maker in Briery Centre—for Tom appreciated those things, and she had heard him declare that he should be proud of a domestic wife who could turn her hand to anything, like Mrs. Kitchen; and the reason why she had never striven for that pinnacle was because she fancied that he would be proud of her on any terms. Beaux came by nature, but a piano was a different affair. Still she had no faith in her own handiwork, and every time that she sent her butter to market she expected it to return unsold. The fair was to be held in Briery Centre that year, and the time drew near, and Amanda got so nervous over the prospect that she dreamed she was a pound of butter left to melt in the sun; and her favorite nightmare was that the premium was Tom, and Nell's butter took it. She found out the days on which Nell churned, and she always took care to drop in and taste the butter, in order to compare it with her own, which did not in the least conduce to her comfort, but left the bitter flavor of envy upon her palate.

"What are you going to stamp your butter with, Nell?" she asked one day, while Nell was braiding a rag mat, and Tom Briery offered suggestions about harmony in the color of the rags.

"Oh, I always use that old stamp of grandma's, the sheaf of wheat," replied Nell. "There, will this piece of scarlet flannel be out of taste here beside the stripes of my old blue delaine, think?"

"Who ever heard of taste in a rag mat?" laughed Amanda, peevishly. "Do let's talk about the fair. I've got butter on the brain."

"I hope I'm not putting myself into somebody else's place," said Tom.

"I guess it's all right," answered Dr. Thoroughgood. "There's many who'd like to put themselves into your shoes, I reckon."

And Amanda oringed as if somebody had struck her, and Nell blushed a becoming rose-color. And then followed

speeches and toasts, and flirtations and philoponaing, and Amanda sat through it all, shivering and burning by turns, hearing nothing of the pleasures going on about her, with no relish for cake or comfit, because Nell Eustis had taken the first premium on butter; that had been the result of her night's work of exchanging cards and butter boxes with Nell! To be sure it was Amanda's butter that had taken the prize, in spite of her want of faith, but how could she make it known? With what face could she declare it? Surely her sin had found her out.

"Seems ter me you ain't got your usual spirit nor appetite, Miss Mandy," said the deacon. "In love, eh? Won't you hev a drop of this honey, say? I'll make your cheeks red as your hair curl. Patty Jones took the premium on honey, did you see? The doctor he asked her, the wag, if she made it, or the bees. I s'pose Miss Nell's rather set up with her premium on butter, ain't she? Young Briery is kinder sweet on her, eh?"

At the other side of the table Tom Briery was whispering to Nell, "So I see your rag mat took a prize. If it was for sale I should buy it."

"Oh, I'll give it to you, if you want it, Tom," said Nell.

"There's something else I wish you'd give me instead, Nell. Have you tasted these gilly flowers? What's the matter? You look pale. Any deadly secret on your mind? Make me father confessor, Nell, do! I'm afraid that it doesn't agree with you to take premiums. I'll tell you what, Nell, if you'll marry me, and come up to the Hall to live, I shall think I've drawn the first premium in the country."

"Oh, Tom," gasped Nell, under her breath, "I don't know what to do! I must tell somebody! I'm almost wild! I—I didn't take the premium for butter? Somebody had exchanged cards with me. You see, I should never have found it out, but I stamped my butter with a strawberry; and that which took the premium has my card attached to the box, but it's stamped with—well, no matter what; its different, that's all. It isn't my butter."

"Is that all?" cried Tom. "You gave me such a start! I thought you were going to tell me that your affections were engaged to the deacon, or you'd been changed in your cradle!"

"Now don't laugh at me, Tom."

"It's no laughing matter, I can assure you, when a fellow offers his heart and gets nothing back."

"Oh, Tom, what do you want more than I've given you already?"

"You've given me the rag mat, and now I want you. Give some folks an inch, and they'll want a Nell."

"But what shall I do about the butter?"

"I'll tell the judges there has been a mistake made."

"And then she'll know that she has been found out."

"And she ought to know it."

"But it'll hurt her; she'll never be able to hold up her head again. And, don't you see she has been punished enough already?"

"Yes, I dare say she is heartily ashamed of herself. Perhaps you had better let it go, and give the money to the poor!"

"But I do hate to take credit that doesn't belong to me."

However, Mrs. Wheatings herself came to the rescue. She went into the town hall to taste the prize butter by means of which poor Amanda had lost her pianny.

"Bless my eyes!" said she, "that's my Mandy's butter, if I was to die for it! There isn't another lot here stamped with a sheaf of wheat, and I would take an oath that Mandy's was, though I was not fetched up to hear swearing in my father's house. I will just go and get Nell Eustis, and see if she will own it. And of course Nell was too glad to resign the troublesome honor of taking the premium; and the judges were informed, and it was finally re-announced that Amanda was the successful competitor, and nobody dreamed how the mistake had come about."

"They allus muddle and mix things so at them fairs," explained Mrs. Wheatings.

But when Amanda's father began to talk about the piano, Amanda hung fire; she would not hear to it—it cost too much, she had not any gift at music—and so the matter dropped.

But when Nell fulfilled her dream, and married Tom, and went to live at Briery Hall, she gave Amanda her second-hand piano that had cost Amanda so much.

And, after all, Tom Briery thinks that it was he who took the premium at the county fair.

"Look 'ere now, Salusha," yelled a Clay county, Missouri, woman to the oldest girl, "don't bend over that well so fur. You'll fall in there some of these days, and then we'll have to carry water."

speeches and toasts, and flirtations and philoponaing, and Amanda sat through it all, shivering and burning by turns, hearing nothing of the pleasures going on about her, with no relish for cake or comfit, because Nell Eustis had taken the first premium on butter; that had been the result of her night's work of exchanging cards and butter boxes with Nell! To be sure it was Amanda's butter that had taken the prize, in spite of her want of faith, but how could she make it known? With what face could she declare it? Surely her sin had found her out.

"Seems ter me you ain't got your usual spirit nor appetite, Miss Mandy," said the deacon. "In love, eh? Won't you hev a drop of this honey, say? I'll make your cheeks red as your hair curl. Patty Jones took the premium on honey, did you see? The doctor he asked her, the wag, if she made it, or the bees. I s'pose Miss Nell's rather set up with her premium on butter, ain't she? Young Briery is kinder sweet on her, eh?"

At the other side of the table Tom Briery was whispering to Nell, "So I see your rag mat took a prize. If it was for sale I should buy it."

"Oh, I'll give it to you, if you want it, Tom," said Nell.

"There's something else I wish you'd give me instead, Nell. Have you tasted these gilly flowers? What's the matter? You look pale. Any deadly secret on your mind? Make me father confessor, Nell, do! I'm afraid that it doesn't agree with you to take premiums. I'll tell you what, Nell, if you'll marry me, and come up to the Hall to live, I shall think I've drawn the first premium in the country."

"Oh, Tom," gasped Nell, under her breath, "I don't know what to do! I must tell somebody! I'm almost wild! I—I didn't take the premium for butter? Somebody had exchanged cards with me. You see, I should never have found it out, but I stamped my butter with a strawberry; and that which took the premium has my card attached to the box, but it's stamped with—well, no matter what; its different, that's all. It isn't my butter."

"Is that all?" cried Tom. "You gave me such a start! I thought you were going to tell me that your affections were engaged to the deacon, or you'd been changed in your cradle!"

"Now don't laugh at me, Tom."

"It's no laughing matter, I can assure you, when a fellow offers his heart and gets nothing back."

"Oh, Tom, what do you want more than I've given you already?"

"You've given me the rag mat, and now I want you. Give some folks an inch, and they'll want a Nell."

"But what shall I do about the butter?"

"I'll tell the judges there has been a mistake made."

"And then she'll know that she has been found out."

"And she ought to know it."

"But it'll hurt her; she'll never be able to hold up her head again. And, don't you see she has been punished enough already?"

"Yes, I dare say she is heartily ashamed of herself. Perhaps you had better let it go, and give the money to the poor!"

However, Mrs. Wheatings herself came to the rescue. She went into the town hall to taste the prize butter by means of which poor Amanda had lost her pianny.

"Bless my eyes!" said she, "that's my Mandy's butter, if I was to die for it! There isn't another lot here stamped with a sheaf of wheat, and I would take an oath that Mandy's was, though I was not fetched up to hear swearing in my father's house. I will just go and get Nell Eustis, and see if she will own it. And of course Nell was too glad to resign the troublesome honor of taking the premium; and the judges were informed, and it was finally re-announced that Amanda was the successful competitor, and nobody dreamed how the mistake had come about."

"They allus muddle and mix things so at them fairs," explained Mrs. Wheatings.

But when Amanda's father began to talk about the piano, Amanda hung fire; she would not hear to it—it cost too much, she had not any gift at music—and so the matter dropped.

But when Nell fulfilled her dream, and married Tom, and went to live at Briery Hall, she gave Amanda her second-hand piano that had cost Amanda so much.

And, after all, Tom Briery thinks that it was he who took the premium at the county fair.

"Look 'ere now, Salusha," yelled a Clay county, Missouri, woman to the oldest girl, "don't bend over that well so fur. You'll fall in there some of these days, and then we'll have to carry water."

Big Words.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are often employed by men and women when they use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half educated persons use more big words than people of thorough education. It is a very common but a very egregious mistake to suppose that long words are more genteel than short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve their style of dress. They are the kind of people who don't begin but 'commence.' They don't live, but 'reside.' They don't go to bed, but mysteriously 'retire.' They don't eat and drink, but 'partake of refreshments.' They are never sick, but 'extremely indisposed.' And instead of dying, at last, they 'decease.' The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation—and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood, and affectation delight in what Horace calls *verba sesquipedalia*—words a foot and a half long.

A LONG FAST.—A man named Vander Veken, was discovered on the 11th instant, stretched insensible on a bed in a garret of this city. He was taken to the hospital, and then gave signs of life, but it was not till the next day that he had strength to speak. Then he asked what day it was, and on being informed that it was the 12th of August, said: "I have been there these thirty-seven days. A little later he became better able to speak, and in reply to questions, he informed the doctor, that early in July he had been suffering from a spitting of blood. He was alone in the garret, but expecting that he would be better, and not wishing to trouble any one, he lay down on the bed. Here, however, he found himself becoming so weak that he could not rise, and though he tapped on the wall no one appeared to have heard him. Near his bed was a pitcher of water, and he was able by means of a small can to get some out of it from time to time. Little by little he lost his remaining strength, until he found himself unable to move. He could not speak, and his sight became dim from time to time until all power of vision faded. Still his sense of hearing continued acute, and he says he could detect the smallest sound, though utterly powerless to articulate a syllable. He is now recovering, and it is expected will, with care, be thoroughly restored."

When Jenny Lind was in this country, she once attended the Bethel church in Boston, where the well-remembered but eccentric Father Taylor was pastor. The good man, who did not know that she was present, was requested, as he entered the house, to preach on amusements. The sermon opposed dancing, card-playing and theatre going, but approved of music. The preacher paid a glowing tribute to the power of song, and to the goodness, modesty and charity of the sweetness of all singers "now lighted on these shores." Jenny Lind was leaning forward and clapping her hands with delight, when a tall person rose out of the pulpit stairs, and inquired whether any one who died at Miss Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Disgust and contempt swept across Father Taylor's face as he glanced at the interloper. "A Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies, and a fool will be a fool wherever he is—even if he is on the steps of the pulpit."

ENVOI or POLITICS.—Albert J. Brown, of Mississippi, was brigadier-general of militia at nineteen, in the Legislature at twenty-two, and in Congress at twenty-six. He was Circuit Judge at twenty-eight, Governor at thirty, and was afterwards Senator. He was never defeated when a candidate for office. In a recent letter Mr. Brown says that it would have been better for him if he had followed the occupation of his father, which was that of a farmer. His greatest regret is that he ever made a political speech or held an office. He adds, "to be a blacksmith, a carpenter or an artisan of any sort is no discredit to any man. Better that than be a jack-legged lawyer, a quack doctor, counter hopper, or worse still, a wretched seeker after office."

Noble lords are scarce at the watering-place hotels, and a cruel man accounts for it on the ground that it is not time for the barbers to take their summer vacations.

When a Chicago man can't lie on his back and go to sleep without dreaming of his mother-in-law, it is considered a sufficient ground for divorce.

Agricultural.

Farmers' Girls.

Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away—
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds up stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hasting for eggs at the barn,
Roasting the meat for dinner,
Turning the cows away—
Spinning the stocking yarn,
Spreading the snow white linen
Down on the bunks below,
Ranmacking every meadow
Where the red strawberries grow.

Starching their cottons for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainers,
Down in the running stream,
Feeding the geese and poultry,
Making the puddings and pies,
Joggling the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty of form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own—
Cheeks that rival the roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls;
One of the country maidens is worth
A score of your giddy girls.

(From the Maryland Farmer.)

Farm Work for September.

September, the month requiring hard work—every energy of the industrious farmer, including brain-work, if he looks for a return at present and for future support, is now exerted. The crops of the year are to be gathered and the seeds worn for crops of the coming year, or preparation for their being sown next month. This is English harvest-time, and a noted month for many farming operations to be accomplished both in America as well as Europe. Certain duties must be performed this month by the cultivator of the soil if he be wise and provident in his efforts to make agriculture profitable. It is these duties that we desire to name and respectfully suggest that they be promptly and energetically attended to, by those for whose benefit they are intended.

CORN.

Cut off the corn and put in small shocks, as soon as it is fit. Corn is fit to be cut, whenever the grain is to be cut, whenever the grain has become hard; in a word, past the roasting stage. Out early and the grains more plump and weighty, while the fodder is infinitely superior to that left to dry and be injured by the winds and rains. Secure, if possible, the corn crop prior to the Equinox.

It is a good plan to stack it around a standing stalk and tie the shock near the top. It will then not be likely to blow over. Persons are apt to save some labor at the often time loss of grain, by making the shocks too large.

WHEAT.

Sow rye as early as possible among the standing corn, or as soon as it is out off. This valuable crop is too much neglected in its culture. It will pay after corn better than wheat. It readily responds to clean, good culture and manuring suitable to its wants. The constituent elements of the straw and grain of rye chemical analysis has shown to be chiefly lime, potash, soda and silica. Any fertilizers containing these ingredients in sufficient quantities, would be suitable for rye. Lime, ashes, or bone meal, salt and plaster, are each good for increasing the product of this crop. One or all of these should be applied to it, if a large product is to be looked for.

WEEDS.

We do not advise sowing this important grain crop this month. But the ground should be prepared for it, so that when the proper time arrives the work may progress rapidly. The field intended for fall-wheat ought to be plowed early this month, and kept clean by frequent harrowing. It should have been closely grazed before being broken up, for it is not well to plow under a heavy growth of grass or weeds, for the wheat, unless it be so early in the season that it will be thoroughly decomposed, and become mixed with the soil, by cross-plowing and other cultivation. Next month we shall speak more about the cultivation of this great staple product. Clean, good seed is of the first moment in regard to wheat, therefore we suggest to our friends to secure at once their seed-wheat. Do not put it off until the last moment, when perhaps such seed as they would prefer is not to be had.

MEADOWS.

Democratic Nominations.



STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN P. COCHRAN,
OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY.

OR REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS,
JAMES WILLIAMS,
OF KENT COUNTY.

NEW CASTLE COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SHERIFF,
WILLIAM H. LAMBSON.

FOR CORONER,
RICHARD GROVES.

STATE SENATORS.

JAMES H. RAY, White Clay Creek Hd.

HENRY DAVIS, Appoquinimink.

STATE SENATORS.

ISAAC C. PYLE, Brandywine Hd.

THOS. L. J. BALDWIN, Mill Creek.

THOS. HOLCOMB, New Castle.

THOS. BIRD, Red Lion.

HENRY A. NEWLAND, St. Georges.

WILLIAM P. BIGGS, Pender.

LEVY COURT COMMISSIONERS.

GEO. C. MEDILL, Mill Creek Hd.

WM. L. WIER, White Clay Creek.

WM. B. BRIDGES, Red Lion.

WM. POSE, St. Georges.

JAMES C. WILSON, Appoquinimink.

SAMUEL ROBERTS, Appoquinimink.

Democratic Mass Meeting.

A grand mass meeting of the Democrats of New Castle county will be held in Middletown, on Thursday, October 15th, at 12 o'clock, M.

Hon. T. F. Bayard and Eli Saulsbury, and Henry Clay, of Pennsylvania, will be present and address the meeting.

By order of the County Executive Committee, WM. HERRBERT, Chairman.

A "New Departure."

The Transcript has taken a "new departure" this week, from its old seven column size, shape and style to a new eight column size and, we think, a much more handsome and attractive shape and appearance.

Its columns are lengthened, and one added to each page, making four in all, so that, though they have been fairly narrowed for the sake of symmetry, we are enabled to give to our readers a considerably larger amount of reading matter than we have heretofore done.

It is customary, we know, to make alterations and changes at the beginning of new volumes, but we have long since learned that the best time to do anything is when it suits, without waiting for more convenient seasons.

The Transcript has been in its present ownership for a little more than two years, during which time we have added a Gordon Jobber and a splendid new large size Campbell cylinder press, which for elegance of workmanship and regularity of impression has but few equals, and no superiors, among printing machines.

In addition to these presses we have also put in several hundred dollars worth of new job type, from fine card text to large wood type for posters, sale bills, &c., and also a well selected supply of ornamental borders, flourishes, &c., so that we are now prepared to accommodate all who may favor us with orders, with any kind and amount of printing, however fine or large, from a visiting or wedding card to the largest size poster, in any, or as many, colors as may be desired.

As in the past, so in the future, our chief aim shall be to make the Transcript subservient, first, to the interests of the locality in which our lot is cast. The local is the department to which we usually give the most attention, though we endeavor to not neglect the department of general news, and aim to give a weekly summary of the most important current events of the day. In the editorial columns we seek to lay before our readers a fair discussion of the topics of the time, and to give our opinions on the various public and political measures that interest the people, and, though we shall ever be decided and unequivocal in the expression of our views, we trust we shall at no time forget the courtesy due honorable opposition, nor the allowance that should at all times be made for honest differences of opinion.

Our columns are always open to correspondence and communications on matters of public interest, but while we invite courteous, manly discussions of all interesting topics, we most positively refuse to permit our columns to be used as the medium of personal attacks upon the private character of individuals, whether the writers sign their communications or not; and whosoever wishes to publish articles of that nature are requested to carry them elsewhere, and then they will not subject us to the annoyance and themselves to the mortification of a refusal.

In conclusion, we earnestly appeal to the many friends of the Transcript in all parts of the surrounding country to send us, as early as possible, all the local news of interest in their several neighborhoods. We will not trouble you to put them in shape for the paper. Only send us the outlines, no matter how rough, and we will put them together. We wish to chronicle in our columns, as far as possible, all the current events of the times, at home or abroad, and grateful for the patronage bestowed upon the Transcript, we will do our utmost to

make it more acceptable in the future than it has been in the past.

The Revolution in Louisiana.

Whatever may be thought of the means by which the overthrow of the detestable Kellogg government in Louisiana was accomplished, it would certainly be a matter of great regret to all honorable, respectable citizens of the United States should President Grant carry the threat implied in his proclamation to the people of New Orleans into effect, and interfere with the government established under the recent revolution and make any attempt to again force upon the unwilling people of Louisiana the detested rule of the reckless scoundrel and adventurer whom they have driven from the government, which he had usurped without a shadow of right. The people of Louisiana had submitted to the tyrannies and evil practices of the villains who had taken possession of their government, until patience had ceased to be a virtue, and further submission would have been almost criminal. The men who were inducted into the various offices of the State government were legally elected to those offices two years ago by a large majority of the people of the State, and that those men have so long kept out of the offices to which they were elected, and a band of corrupt adventurers kept in power against the expressed will of the people, under a partisan decision of Congress, by the bayonets of Federal soldiers, is to the lasting disgrace of General Grant's administration. The means used for the overthrow of the usurpers, were not, it is true, in strict harmony with the peaceful method of adjusting wrongs and changing administrations, usually practiced by the people of the United States, but it must be remembered that the provocation to the people of Louisiana was beyond endurance. Violent diseases require violent remedies. They had appealed, again and again to the President and Congress of the United States for deliverance from the evils under which they suffered, but 'twas in vain. Their appeals were treated with indifference and they were left to the mercy of the villains who were robbing them, and they were compelled to take the matter into their own hands. For the administration to force a return of those people to the state of misery from which they have so happily escaped, would be an act of cruelty, injustice and oppression that should receive the reprobation of every honest man in America.

New Fast Freight Line to New York.

We would invite the attention of our readers to a new line about to be established by the Phila., Wilm. & Balt. R. R. and the Pennsylvania R. R. Companies, between Delmar R. R. Line and its connections, and Jersey City, for the transportation of oysters, fish, game, fresh meats, produce and merchandise generally, requiring quick dispatch and early delivery to the New York markets and produce houses, and for trans-shipment by connecting lines, express and forwarding companies to points beyond that city.

This line will be known as the Delaware and Maryland Fast Freight Line, cars for which are now being built, fitted with Westinghouse Air Brakes, and the most thorough and improved ventilation, and will, in every respect, be peculiarly adapted for the business in which they will be engaged.

To insure arrival at Jersey City at a very early hour, say 3 A. M., the trains will be run on schedule time, at a high rate of speed, making dependence upon their arrival at that hour as certain as in cases of passenger trains. This early hour of arrival will give our farmers the advantage of the best prices to be had in New York for their produce.

We are informed that the companies engaged in this enterprise are also building cars, designed expressly for the transportation of live calves, lambs and sheep, and fitted with stalls and everything necessary for the comfort and safe transit of the animals.

Besides the benefits derived from the sale of their products in New York, our farmers and merchants, if the same be to their advantage, have the opportunity of buying goods in New York, and shipping to all points in Delaware and Maryland, by this line, at very low rates. Freight received at New York or Jersey City before 5 o'clock, P. M., will be delivered at its destination the morning following.

We take pleasure in recommending the new line to the support of all business men and citizens generally, and feel confident that a want so long felt by our people, and now supplied, will be appreciated by a liberal patronage in the way of shipments.

BOLD BANK ROBBERY.—Early Thursday morning five masked men effected an entrance into the residence of President Robinson, of the First National Bank of Wellsboro, Tioga county, Pa., gagged and bound his family, and then compelled him to go with them to the bank and open the safe, which they robbed of \$50,000. They then took him back home, stole his daughter's finger ring, kissed his wife, who fainted, and then rode off in two carriages, toward Elmira, N. Y. The affair created much excitement, and a reward of \$5,000 has been offered for the capture of the burglars. The loss didn't break the bank. This rather "takes the starch out" of Wilmington's great bank burglary.

The Agricultural Fair.

The Peninsula Agricultural Exhibition on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday promises to be the grandest affair of the kind yet held upon this Peninsula. As its name indicates, this Association was organized with the determination to make their Exhibition Attractive to all persons upon the Peninsula, and to annually (and perhaps semi-annually) bring together the products of the territory for exhibition, to stimulate agriculturists, Pomologists, Horticulturists, graziers, mechanics and housewives to "that noble emulation as to who can best work." Destined as our section is to become the great fruit and vegetable garden of the Atlantic cities, an enterprise of this character is calculated to hasten such a realization of the prophecy and it can and will also attract the attention of such persons living North and East of us as desire to exchange their rigorous winters for our more pleasant climate. Blest as we are with a most fertile soil, yielding generous returns to every improvement, watered by pure springs, easy of access by the estuaries of each bay, we may well afford to exhibit to each other, and the world, the productions of our fields, our orchards and our vines, thereby encouraging each other in the greatest and best of employment. The executive committee have spared no labor to make the grounds attractive, and to provide for the comfort of man and beast, and have endeavored to cater to the tastes of all persons who may visit the exhibition.

Unlike some (so-called) Agricultural Exhibitions, they have influenced a grand display in all of the departments. We learn that over one hundred stalls have been taken by the exhibitors of horses, cattle, sheep and swine. The department of machinery will be well filled. Arrangements have been made for trials of threshing machines, engines &c. The display of agricultural implements, especially, promises to be large, and we predict the good house-wives of the Peninsula will not permit their department to be wanting. A large dining room, and refreshment saloons will be ready to accommodate the hungry. A grand stand that will comfortably seat 1000 persons, commanding the entire view of the trotting course, and suitable buildings for the display of machinery, etc., have been erected.

A large force of workmen are engaged upon the grounds finishing the buildings, sheds, etc., and all be ready for the grand opening on Wednesday, A. M., when appropriate addresses will be made by the Hon. T. F. Bayard and others. We learn that the faculty and students of Delaware College, of Newark, will visit the exhibition en masse. We can only say to all persons, "Don't fail to come if you wish to see a first class Agricultural Exhibition that the Peninsula may be proud of."

The "Sun Guano."

Among the popular fertilizers of the day none have earned for themselves a better reputation in so short a time than the "SUN GUANO" which is advertised in another column. This guano was first used in the spring of this year; it was an entirely new article, farmers perhaps regarded it with some doubt, and yet many were found who had courage to try it. Their faith in its value has been amply rewarded, and now a heavy demand from all parts of the Peninsula affords evidence of its merits, as the orders already in largely exceed the anticipations of the manufacturers.

The very moderate price of the Sun Guano places it within the reach of every farmer. Its entire freedom from adulteration with sand and other rubbish, which largely enter into the composition of most of the low priced fertilizers in the market—and its prompt and decided effects in supplying nutriment to growing crops, entitle it to the favorable consideration of every farmer.

The unlimited facilities of Messrs. Walton, Whann & Co., of Wilmington, who manufacture this fertilizer, and the fact that they produce all their raw materials, alone enable the guano to be offered at the low price at which it is sold. If profits had to be paid to other manufacturers and middle men, it would be impossible to sell such a product at so very reasonable a price. But as these gentlemen control immense sources of stock which are entirely manufactured by themselves, it is evident that their ability to turn out such an article cannot be approached by any mere mixers of already manufactured materials, who are scattered throughout the country.

We advise farmers to try the Sun Guano in seeding their wheat. Its effects on spring crops have been in the highest degree satisfactory, and there is but one opinion among those who have used it—that it is the cheapest fertilizer ever offered for the money.

JOURNALISM.—The material used in the publication of the Easton Journal having been sold, recently, under an old mortgage, the publisher, Mr. J. A. Johnson, has bought new type and other material, and will hereafter issue a new paper called the Easton Ledger. The Ledger will be furnished to the subscribers to the Journal, and all advertising contracts with the old paper will be continued in the new. Success attend the Ledger.

THE PROSPECT.—The prospect for carrying the county for the Democratic

party grows brighter as the campaign opens, and there is scarcely a doubt that the people are tired of Radical rule, and will not submit to be put under the heel of the negro by any party—Gazette.

The discovery has been made in Maine by the Portland Argus that, owing to "blunders in the Legislature," there is not now nor has there been for two years past, any "Maine Liquor law," or any law against the sale of liquors. The Attorney General of Maine has been in consultation with eminent legal authorities on the subject.

REVOLUTION IN LOUISIANA.

The Kellogg Government overthrown by Citizens.

The citizens of Louisiana, after having vainly appealed to the President and Congress of the United States for protection from the lawless usurpation of their State Government by the so-called Governor Kellogg and his reckless band of adventurers, and meeting only careless rejections of their appeals and being treated with the utmost indifference both by the President and Congress, at last, no longer able to submit to the tyrannies and villainies of the usurpers, to which they had so long submitted with a patience which would have done credit to the most patient of mortals, on Monday last, sent a committee of citizens, appointed at a mass meeting held for the purpose, to the executive mansion, to protest against the conduct of the usurping State authorities in seizing arms belonging to private citizens, and to request Kellogg to abdicate the government. Kellogg refused to receive them. The committee retired, and Lieut. Gov. D. B. Penn, who was elected on the McEnery (conservative) ticket at the State election in 1872, issued a proclamation recounting the wrongs under which they had so long suffered, and calling upon the citizens of New Orleans, and of the whole State, "without regard to color or previous condition, to arm and assemble themselves under their respective officers, for the purpose of driving the usurpers from power." To this appeal the citizens replied with the utmost alacrity, and soon armed men were stationed at various places all over the city. About 4 P. M. a body of Metropolitan police under the command of ex-Confederate General Longstreet, in the service of Kellogg, appeared at the head of Canal street with cavalry and artillery. Longstreet rode up and down the street ordering the citizens to disperse. On their refusal to obey some demagogical firing took place and a number of men were killed and wounded on both sides. The negroes, who composed a large portion of the Kellogg forces, broke and fled at the first fire, and the citizens captured their cannon. Several fights took place during the evening and barricades were thrown up in the streets.

The citizens, or Penn Militia, were under the command of Gen. Fred. Ogden and numbered about 10,000 men. On Tuesday morning they marched to the State House, which with all the State and city property, police stations, arsenals, &c., including the entire force of police, Kellogg militia, with their arms, guns, &c., were surrendered to the citizens without a shot being fired. Lieut. Governor Penn at once took possession of the government and began the work of dismissing the thieves, carpet baggers and other scoundrels who had possession of the various offices, and installing the several officers elected on the McEnery ticket in 1872. The citizens of New Orleans and of the State were wild in their demonstrations of joy and numerous congratulations poured in upon Gov. Penn for the happy deliverance of the State from the hands of the usurpers. Having accomplished their object—the restoration of the government to the proper officials—the citizens dispersed to their homes and by 3 o'clock P. M. scarcely an armed man was to be seen in the streets. Kellogg, of course, telegraphed to the President for Federal assistance and he, two years ago did not know what he could do to prevent Kellogg from taking possession of an office to which he had no right, and ousting the duly elected governor of the State, issued a proclamation commanding the citizens to disperse, and ordering the U. S. troops to the protection of the usurpers.

INDICTMENTS IN THE SAFE BURGLARY CASE.—The indictment in the safe burglary case will be brought into the Criminal Court to-morrow, and bench warrants issued for the arrest of the conspirators. Those presented by the Grand Jury on Saturday were: Harrington, Col. Whitley, Nettleship, A. B. Williams of the Police Court, and Michael Hayes. All of these are charged with conspiracy to accuse Columbus Alexander of an infamous crime, and cause his arrest therefor. In the District a conviction for the crime of conspiracy is implied by the governor of the State, in a proclamation at the discretion of the Court, in addition it works a forfeiture of citizenship. The action of the Grand Jury has created a great sensation in Washington. The general belief was that the old District Ring would be able to save Harrington, as every effort possible to secure that end was put forth. The same has been true of the attempts to prevent either the removal or indictment of Whitley or Nettleship, and the threats were repeatedly made on Whitley's part to pull down the pillars of the temple with him if he was disturbed, but in spite of all these efforts and threats, there has been no Government case since Mr. Lincoln's assassination was up with as much energy as Mr. Riddle and Solicitor Wilson have displayed in this. It is expected that Harrington's connection with the District Attorney's office will end to-morrow. It is generally believed, also, that District Attorney Fisher will be removed by the Attorney-General for his course in the matter of the illegal bail procured for Benton.—Washington Dispatches on Monday.

News Items.

P. T. Barnum, the great showman, was married, last Tuesday, to a daughter of John Fish, of Southport, England.

The Democratic Convention of the fifth congressional district of Maryland, nominated Dr. Ely J. Henkle for Congress on the 104th ballot, last Wednesday.

Hon. Thos. Swann was renominated for Congress by the Democrats of the fourth, Maryland, district, last Thursday, by acclamation.

Hon. Wm. J. O'Brien was nominated by the Democratic Congressional Convention of the third district (Md.) on the same day.

In the Democratic Convention of New York, Hon. Samuel J. Tilden was nominated for Governor, on Thursday, and Wm. Dorsheimer, Lib. Rep., for Lieut. Governor.

DIED.

Entered into rest on the evening of the 11th inst. Mrs. Margaret Chamberline, wife of Dr. G. G. Chamberline, of Middletown. Her remains were placed under the shadow of old St. Anne's church, to await the Reurrection of the Just.

On Sunday, 13th inst. in Middletown, Mrs. Mary, wife of Capt. Samuel Penington, in her 60th year.

On Sept. 16th, 1874, Dr. Martin Barr, aged 81 years.

His friends, and the friends of the family, are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the Forest Presbyterian church at 2 o'clock, P. M., Saturday, Sept. 19th, 1874.

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY R. T. EVANS & CO.

Wheat, white.....\$1.15 @ 1.20

Yellow.....85 cts.

Oats.....52 "

Timothy Seed.....45 "

Clover.....50 "

Beans.....100 "

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY R. T. EVANS & CO.

Eggs.....18 @ 20 cts. 3 doz.

Butter.....23 @ 25 cts. 3 lb.

Lard.....16 @ 18 "

Potatoes.....10 @ 12 "

Chickens, Spring.....14 @ 16 cts. 3 lb.

Turkeys, dressed.....13 @ 15 "

Geese.....7 @ 8 "

Ducks.....13 @ 14 "

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Prime red wheat.....\$1.24 @ 1.30 bus.

Corn, yellow.....91 @ 93 cts.

Oats (Pennsylvania) new.....62 @ 63

Cloverseed.....91 @ 11 1/2 "

Timothy.....3.25

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

Wheat, good to amber.....\$1.25 @ 1.30

Corn, white.....85 @ 86 cts.

Oats, yellow.....92 "

Oats, Southern.....62 @ 65

Rye.....87 @ 89

New Advertisements.

50,000

PEACH TREES FOR SALE.

The undersigned, having been engaged a long time in the peach business, has neither spared pains nor expense to secure the best varieties of peaches, the best bearers, the largest peaches, and those that will carry well and bring the most money in market. I am now ready to receive orders for said trees, to be delivered here in the Nursery or on board the cars, this Fall, 1874, and the following Spring. The following are the varieties and the order of ripening:

Plowden's Red and White Peach. Said to be earlier than Hale's Early, and carries well.

Truitt's Early. An old variety, carries well.

Lattom's Large Late Foster Peach. Red and Yellow. New variety, and the largest early peach known.

Crawford's Early—Genuine stock.

Steele's Mammoth. Old Mazon.

Stump the World. Crawford's Late.

Price's Large Red and White.

Delaware White. A fine large white peach.

Late White Heath Peach.

Townsend's Late Red and White. The finest and largest late peach known.

Bonanza's Large late red and white peach, ripening same time as Smock. Original.

Persons making engagements, can rely on the purity of these trees. One man budged the whole lot, and was careful to make no mistakes, and the utmost care will be observed in taking up, bunching and labeling these trees for delivery. Send in your orders soon.

Townsend, Del., Sept. 19, 1874—3m.

L. V. ASPRIL

Wishes to inform the farmers and public generally that he still continues the

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

At the old stand, on the corner of 2d and Broad streets, in

ODESSA, DELAWARE.

Giving strict attention to the manufacture of PLOWS, such as the Heckenroth, Moore, Conover, Wiley, &c. He has recently completed with his former business, an iron foundry, furnishing all the different kinds of plow irons such as are used in this section. Giving special attention to this line of trade, having been successful in procuring the services of those persons who formerly made castings at Newark, Del., whose work was celebrated as tip-top, will keep constantly on hand a large supply, wholesale and retail, at moderate prices. The public will also be reminded that he, only, has the right in this State to manufacture the celebrated Pioneer Stamp Plow, which for strength and durability has proven fully equal to the task. All kinds of repairing, together with Horse-Shoeing, done with neatness and dispatch. Flow Bells and Cleavers constantly on hand.

Being thankful for past favors, by strict attention to business, we hope to merit a liberal share in the future. L. V. ASPRIL, ODESSA, 1874. sep-19

The United States Publishing Co.

13 University Place, New York.

Want Agents everywhere for the following: SPENCER'S PATENT HOLY BIBLE. Edited by Frank Moore. An elegant 8vo, 600 pp. 50 cts. per copy. The life of the Republic. By C. Edwards Lester. Twelve monthly parts, 50 pp. each. Bound in cloth, each part 10 cts. THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF CHARLES SUMNER. By C. Edwards Lester. 5th edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo, 700 pp. \$2.50.

THE NEW YORK TIMES. By Warden Sutton. A complete history of noted criminals of New York, and the romance of prison life. 8vo, 670 pp. \$2.00.

Circulars, specimen pages, and terms to agents on application as above. sep-19

NO. 1 COW

For Sale.

A Grade Dorsey, 8 years old, with beef calf 5th weeks old, by an Alderney Bull. Can be seen at St. Ann's Rectory. Sep 19-19

\$5.00 REWARD.

LOST, on Saturday, while attending the nomination election at Blackbird, a small roll of money, consisting of \$5.00 in notes. (\$25.) The finder will receive the above reward by returning it to the undersigned, or leaving it at the Transcript Office. Sep. 19, 1874-25. GEORGE HURD.

FREE SAMPLE TO Agents, Ladies' Combination Needle-book, with Cords. Send stamp. DEAN & CO., New Bedford, Mass. sep-19

WANTED.—AGENTS for the best selling of samples given away to those who will become agents. J. BRIDE & CO., sep-19

STAR BOARDS

Silver Lustre, Highly Ornamental. A perfect protector to put under Stoves. Ask your dealer for it. sep-19

New Advertisements.

PRINTING.

THE FALL TRADE.

We respectfully call the attention of our friends, and the public generally, to the new and

Increased Facilities

OF THE

TRANSCRIPT OFFICE

FOR PRINTING.

Having recently erected a

NEW & COMMODIOUS OFFICE,

And added a large amount of

NEW TYPE, PRESSES,

Every Variety of Printing,

AT SHORT NOTICE,

AND ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

Our New Campbell

POWER PRESS

Enables us to print

Posters, Sale Bills,

&c., any size from the largest to the smallest, in any color, or

VARIETY OF COLORS,

AND OF ANY NUMBER,

AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS,

BILL HEADS, PROGRAMMES,

LETTER HEADS, CARDS,

CHEQUES, LABELS,

NOTES, TAGS, &c.,

Are done in such style and at such prices as

Guarantee Satisfaction.

WITH OUR

JOB PRESSES

We can do every kind of small work with the greatest promptness, and at as

LOW PRICES

As can be done at any other office on the Peninsula.

TRY US

AND YOU WILL NOT COMPLAIN.

